

Blives

THE LATTER-DAY SAINTS'

MILLENNIAL STAR.

"AND THEY THAT BE WISE SHALL SHINE AS THE BRIGHTNESS OF THE FIRMAMENT
AND THEY THAT TURN MANY TO RIGHTEOUSNESS AS THE STARS FOR EVER AND EVER."—
Daniel.

No. 12, Vol. XXXVIII

Monday, March 20, 1876.

{Price One Penny.

THE MORMONS.

A DISCOURSE DELIVERED BEFORE THE HISTORICAL SOCIETY OF PENNSYLVANIA
MARCH 26, 1850.

BY THOMAS L. KANE.

"O quantus fervor omnium religiosorum in principio sue sanctæ institutionis fuit?"
De Im. J. C. I. 18.

A few years ago, ascending the Upper Mississippi in the autumn, when its waters were low, I was compelled to travel by land past the region of the Rapids. My road lay through the Half-breed tract, a fine section of Iowa, which the unsettled state of its land-titles had appropriated as a sanctuary for coiners, horse thieves, and other outlaws. I had left my steamer at Keokuk, at the foot of the Lower Fall, to hire a carriage, and to contend for some fragments of a dirty meal with the swarming flies, the only scavengers of the locality. From this place to where the deep water of the river returns, my eye wearied to see everywhere sordid, vagabond and idle settlers; and a country marred without being improved, by their careless hands.

I was descending the last hill side upon my journey, when a landscape in delightful contrast broke upon my

view. Half encircled by a bend of the river, a beautiful city lay glittering in the fresh morning sun, its bright new dwellings, set in cool green gardens ranging up around a stately dome-shaped hill, which was crowned by a noble marble edifice, whose high tapering spire was radiant with white and gold. The city appeared to cover several miles, and beyond it in the back ground, there rolled off a fair country, chequered by the careful lines of fruitful husbandry. The unmistakable marks of industry, enterprise, and educated wealth, everywhere, made the scene one of singular and most striking beauty.

It was a natural impulse to visit this inviting region. I procured a skiff, and rowing across the river, landed at the chief wharf of the city. No one met me there. I looked and saw no one. I could hear no one move; though the quiet everywhere was such

that I heard the flies buzz, and the water ripples break against the shallow of the beach. I walked through the solitary streets. The town lay as in a dream, under some deadening spell of loneliness, from which I almost feared to wake it. For plainly it had not slept long. There was no grass growing up in the paved ways. Rains had not entirely washed away the prints of dusty footsteps.

Yet I went about unchecked. I went into empty workshops, ropewalks, and smithies. The spinner's wheel was idle; the carpenter had gone from his workbench and shavings, his unfinished sash and casing. Fresh bark was in the tanner's vat, and the fresh-chopped lightwood stood piled against the baker's oven. The blacksmith's shop was cold; but his coal heap, and ladling pool, and crooked water horn were all there, as if he had just gone off for a holiday. No work people anywhere looked to know my errand. If I went into the gardens, clinking the wicket-latch loudly after me, to pull the marigolds, heart's-ease, and lady-slippers, and draw a drink with the water-sodden well-bucket and its noisy chain; or, knocking off with my stick the tall, heavy-headed dahlias and sunflowers, hunted over the beds for cucumbers and love-apples,—no one called out to me from any opened window, or dog sprang forward to bark an alarm. I could have supposed the people hidden in the houses, but the doors were unfastened, and when at last I timidly entered them, I found dead ashes white upon the hearths, and had to tread a tiptoe, as if walking down the aisle of a country church to avoid rousing irreverent echoes from the naked floors.

On the outskirts of the town was the city grave-yard. But there was no record of plague there, nor did it in anywise differ much from other Protestant American cemeteries. Some of the mounds were not long sodded; some of the stones were newly set, their dates recent, and their black inscriptions glossy in the mason's hardly-dried lettering ink. Beyond the grave yard, out in the fields, I saw, in one spot hard by where the fruited boughs of a young orchard had been roughly torn down, the still

smouldering embers of a barbecue fire, that had been constructed of rails from the fencing round it. It was the latest sign of life there. Fields upon fields of heavy-headed yellow grain lay rotting ungathered upon the ground. No one was at hand to take in their rich harvest. As far as the eye could reach, they stretched away—they, sleeping too in the hazy air of autumn.

Only two portions of the city seemed to suggest the import of this mysterious solitude. On the southern suburb, the houses looking out upon the country showed, by their splintered wood-work and walls battered to the foundation, that they had lately been the mark of a destructive cannonade. And in and around the splendid Temple, which had been the chief object of my admiration, armed men were barracked, surrounded by their stacks of musketry and pieces of heavy ordnance. These challenged me to render an account of myself, and why I had had the temerity to cross the water without a written permit from a leader of their band.

Though these men were generally more or less under the influence of ardent spirits; after I had explained myself as a passing stranger, they seemed anxious to gain my good opinion. They told me the story of the Dead City: that it had been a notable manufacturing and commercial mart, sheltering over 20,000 persons; that they had waged war with its inhabitants for several years, and had been finally successful only a few days before my visit, in an action fought in front of the ruined suburb; after which, they had driven them forth at the point of the sword. The defence, they said, had been obstinate, but gave way on the third day's bombardment. They boasted greatly of their prowess, especially in this Battle, as they called it; but I discovered they were not of one mind as to certain of the exploits that had distinguished it; one of which as I remember, was, that they had slain a father and his son, a boy of fifteen, not long residents of the fated city, whom they admitted to have borne a character without reproach.

They also conducted me inside the

massive sculptured walls of the curious Temple, in which they said the banished inhabitants were accustomed to celebrate the mystic rites of an unhallowed worship. They particularly pointed out to me certain features of the building, which, having been the peculiar objects of a former superstitious regard, they had as matter of duty, sedulously defiled and defaced. The reputed sites of certain shrines they had thus particularly noticed, and various sheltered chambers, in one of which was a deep well, constructed they believed with a dreadful design. Beside these they led me to see a large and deep-chiselled marble vase or basin, supported upon twelve oxen, also of marble, and of the size of life, of which they told some romantic stories. They said, the deluded persons, most of whom were immigrants from a great distance, believed their Deity countenanced their reception here of a baptism of regeneration, as proxies for whomsoever they held in warm affection in the countries from which they had come. That here parents "went into the water" for their lost children, children for their parents, widows for their spouses, and young persons for their lovers. That thus the Great Vase came to be for them associated with all dear and distant memories, and was therefore the object, of all others in the building, to which they attached the greatest degree of idolatrous affection. On this account the victors had so diligently desecrated it, as to render the apartment in which it was contained too noisome to abide in.

They permitted me also to ascend into the steeple, to see where it had been lightning-struck on the Sabbath before; and to look out, East and South, on wasted farms like those I had seen near the city, extending till they were lost in the distance. Here, in the face of pure day, close to the scar of the Divine wrath left by the thunderbolt, were fragments of food, cruises of liquor, and broken drinking vessels, with a bass drum and a steamboat signal bell of which I afterwards learned the use with pain.

It was after nightfall when I was ready to cross the river on my return. The wind had freshened since the sun-

set, and the water beating roughly into my little boat, I headed higher up the stream than the point I had left in the morning, and landed where a faint glimmering light invited me to steer.

Here among the dock and rushes, sheltered only by the darkness, without roof between them and the sky, I came upon a crowd of several hundred human creatures, whom my movements roused from uneasy slumber upon the ground.

Passing these on my way to the light, I found it came from a tallow candle in a paper funnel shade, such as is used by street venders of apples and pea-nuts, and which flaring and guttering away in the bleak air off the water, shone flickeringly on the emaciated features of a man in the last stage of a bilious remittent fever. They had done their best for him. Over his head was something like a tent, made of a sheet or two, and he rested on a but partially ripped open old straw mattress, with a hair sofa cushion, under his head for a pillow. His gaping jaw and glazing eye told how short a time he would monopolize these luxuries; though a seemingly bewildered and excited person, who might have been his wife, seemed to find hope in occasionally forcing him to swallow awkwardly-measured sips of the tepid river water from a burned and battered bitter-smelling tin coffee-pot. Those who knew better had furnished the apothecary he needed—a toothless old bald head, whose manner had the repulsive dullness of a familiar with death scenes. He, so long as I remained, mumbled in his patient's ear a monotonous and melancholy prayer, between the pauses of which I heard the hiccup and sobbing of two little girls, who were sitting up on a piece of drift wood outside.

Dreadful indeed was the suffering of these forsaken beings. Cowed and cramped by cold and sunburn, alternating as each weary day and night dragged on, they were almost all of them, the crippled victims of disease. They were there because they had no homes, nor hospital, nor poor house, nor friends to offer them any. They could not satisfy the feeble cravings of their sick, they had not bread to

quiet the fractious hunger-cries of their children. Mothers and babes, daughters and grandparents, all of them alike, were bivouacked in tatters, wanting even covering to comfort those whom the sick-shiver of fever was searching to the marrow.

These were Mormons famishing in Lee County, Iowa, in the fourth week of the month of September, in the year of our Lord, 1846. The city,—it was Nauvoo, Illinois. The Mormons were the owners of that city, and the smiling country round. And those who had stopped their plows, who had silenced their hammers, their axes, their shuttles and their workshop wheels; those who had put out their fires, who had eaten their food, spoiled their orchards, and trampled under foot their thousands of acres of unharvested bread; these,—were the keepers of their dwellings, the carousers in their Temple,—whose drunken riot insulted the ears of their dying.

I think it was as I turned from the wretched night-watch of which I have spoken, that I first listened to the sounds of revel of a party of the guard within the city. Above the distant hum of the voices of many, occasionally rose distinct the loud oath-tainted exclamation, and the falsely intoned scrap of vulgar song; but lest this requiem should go unheeded, every now and then, when their beisterous orgies strove to attain a sort of ecstatic climax, a cruel spirit of insulting frolic carried some of them up into the high belfry of the Temple steeple, and there with the wicked childishness of inebriety, they whooped, and shrieked, and beat the drum that I had seen, and rang, in charivariic unison their loud-tongued steamboat bell.

They were, all told, not more than six hundred and forty persons who were thus lying on the river flats. But the Mormons in Nauvoo and its dependencies had been numbered the year before at over 20,000. Where were they? They had last been seen carrying in mournful trains their sick and wounded, halt and blind, to disappear behind the western horizon, pursuing the phantom of another home. Hardly anything else was known of them; and people asked with curios-

ity, what had been their fate—what their fortunes.

I purpose making these questions the subject of my Lecture. Since the expulsion of the Mormons, to the present date, I have been intimately conversant with the details of their history. But I shall invite your attention most particularly to an account of what happened to them during their first year in the wilderness; because at this time more than any other, being lost to public view, they were the subjects of fable and misconception. Happily it was during this period I myself moved with them; and earned at a dear price, as some among you are aware, my right to speak with authority of them and their character, their trials, achievements, and intentions.

The party encountered by me at the river shore were the last of the Mormons that left the city. They had all of them engaged the year before, that they would vacate their homes, and seek some other place of refuge. It had been the condition of a truce between them and their assailants; and as an earnest of their good faith, the chief elders, and some others of obnoxious standing, with their families, were to set out for the west in the spring of 1846. It had been stipulated in return that the rest of the Mormons might remain behind in the peaceful enjoyment of their Illinois abode, until their leaders, with their exploring party, could with all diligence select for them a new place of settlement beyond the Rocky Mountains, in California, or elsewhere, and until they had opportunity to dispose, to the best advantage, of the property which they were then to leave.

Some renewed symptoms of hostile feeling had, however, determined the pioneer party to begin their work before the spring. It was, of course, anticipated that this would be a perilous service; but it was regarded as a matter of self-denying duty. The ardor and emulation of many, particularly the devout and the young, were stimulated by the difficulties it involved; and the ranks of the party were therefore filled up with volunteers from among the most effective and responsible members of the sect. They

began their march in mid winter; and by the beginning of February, nearly all of them were on the road, many of their wagons having crossed the Mississippi on the ice.

Under the most favoring circumstances, an expedition of this sort, undertaken at such a season of the year, could scarcely fail to be disastrous.* But the pioneer company had to set out in haste, and were very imperfectly supplied with necessaries. The cold was intense. They moved in the teeth of keen-edged north-west winds, such as sweep down the Iowa peninsula from the ice-bound regions of the timber-shaded Slave Lake and Lake of the Woods, on the bald prairie there, nothing above the dead grass breaks their free course over the hard rolled hills. Even along the scattered water courses, where they broke the thick ice to give their cattle drink, the annual autumn fires had left little wood of value. The party, therefore, often wanted for good camp fires, the first luxury of all travelers; but to men insufficiently furnished with tents, and other appliances of shelter, almost an essential to life; after days of fatigue, their nights were often passed in restless efforts to save themselves from freezing. Their stock of food also proved inadequate; and as their systems became impoverished, their suffering from cold increased.

Sickened with catarrhal affections, manacled by the dreadfully acute fetters of rheumatisms, some contrived for awhile to get over the shortening day's march, and drag along some others. But the sign of an impaired circulation soon began to show itself in the liability of all to be dreadfully frost-bitten. The hardiest and strongest became helplessly crippled. About the same time the strength of their beasts of draught began to fail. The small supply of provender they could carry with them had given out. The winter-bleached prairie straw proved devoid of nourishment; and they could only keep them from starving by seeking for the *browse*, as it is called, or green bark and tender buds and

branches of the cotton-wood, and other stunted growths of the hollows.

To return to Nauvoo was apparently the only escape; but this would have been to give occasion for fresh mistrust, and so to bring new trouble to those they had left there behind them. They resolved at least to hold their ground, and to advance as they might, were it only by limping through the deep snows a few slow miles a day. They found a sort of comfort in comparing themselves to the exiles of Siberia;* and sought cheerfulness in earnest prayings for the spring—longed for as morning by the tossing sick.

The spring came at last. It overtook them in the Sac and Fox country, still on the naked prairie, not yet half way over the trail they were following between the Mississippi and Missouri rivers. But it brought its own share of troubles with it. The months with which it opened proved nearly as trying as the worst of winter.

The snow, and sleet, and rain which fell, as it appeared to them, without intermission, made the road over the rich prairie soil as impassable as one vast bog of heavy black mud. Sometimes they would fasten the horses and oxen of four or five wagons to one, and attempt to get ahead in this way, taking turns; but at the close of a hard day of toil for themselves and cattle, they would find themselves a quarter or half a mile from the place they left in the morning. The heavy rains raised all the water courses; the most trifling streams were impassable. Wood fit for bridging was often not to be had, and in such cases the only resource was to halt for the freshets to subside,—a matter, in the case of the headwaters of the Chariton for instance, of over three weeks' delay.

These were dreary waitings upon Providence. The most spirited and steady murmured most at their forced inactivity. And even the women, whose heroic spirits had been proof

* One of the company having a copy of Mdme. Cottin's "Elizabeth," it was so sought after that some read it from the wagons by moonlight. They were materially sustained, too, by the practice of psalmody, "keeping up the songs of Zion, and passing along Doxologies from front to rear, when the breath froze on their eyelashes."

*Nine children were born the first night the women camped out. "Sugar Creek," Feb. 5.

against the lowest thermometric fall, confessed their tempers fluctuated with the ceaseless variations of the barometer. They complained, too, that the health of their children suffered more. It was the fact, that the open winds of March and April brought with them more mortal sickness than the sharpest freezing weather.

The frequent burials made the hardest sicken. On the soldier's march it is matter of discipline, that after the rattle of musketry over his comrade's grave he shall tramp it to the music of some careless tune in a lively quick step. But, in the Mormon camp, the companion who lay ill and gave up the ghost within view of all, all saw as he lay stretched a corpse, and all attended to his last resting-place. It was a sorrow then, too, of itself, to simple-hearted people, the deficient pomp of their imperfect style of funeral. The general hopefulness of human—including Mormon—nature, was well illustrated by the fact, that the most provident were found unfurnished with undertaker's articles; so that bereaved affection was driven to the most melancholy makeshifts.

The best expedient generally was to cut down a log of some eight or nine feet long, and slitting it longitudinally, strip off its dark bark in two half cylinders. These, placed around the body of the deceased, and bound firmly together with withes made of the alburnum, formed a rough sort of tubular coffin, which surviving relatives and friends, with a little show of black crape, could follow with its enclosure to the hole, or bit of ditch dug to receive it in the wet ground of the prairie. They grieved to lower it down so poorly clad, and in such an unheeded grave. It was hard—was it right?—thus hurriedly to plunge it in one of the undistinguishable waves of the great land sea, and leave it behind them there, under the cold north rain, abandoned, to be forgotten. They had no tombstones, nor could they find a rock to pile the monumental cairn. So, when they had filled up the grave, and over it prayed a *Miserefe* prayer, and tried to sing a hopeful psalm, their last office was to seek out landmarks, or call in the surveyor to help them determine the bearings of valley bends,

headlands, or forks and angles of constant streams, by which its position should in the future be remembered and recognized. The name of the beloved person, his age, the date of his death, and these marks were all registered with care. His party was then ready to move on. Such graves mark all the line of the first years of Mormon travel—dispiriting milestones to failing stragglers in the rear.

It is an error to estimate largely the number of Mormons dead of starvation, strictly speaking. Want developed disease, and made them sink under fatigue, and maladies that would otherwise have proved trifling. But only those died of it outright who fell in out-of-the-way places that the hand of brotherhood could not reach. Among the rest no such thing as plenty was known, while any went an-hungered. If but a part of a group was supplied with provision, the only result was that the whole went on the half or quarter ration, according to the sufficiency that there was among them; and this so ungrudgingly and contentedly, that till some crisis of trial to their strength, they were themselves unaware that their health was sinking, and their vital force impaired.

Hale young men gave up their own, provided food and shelter to the old and helpless, and walked their way back to parts of the frontier States, chiefly Missouri and Iowa, where they were not recognized, and hired themselves out for wages, to purchase more. Others were sent there to exchange for meal and flour, or wheat and corn, the table and bed furniture, and other last resources of personal property which a few had still retained.

In a kindred spirit of fraternal forecast, others laid out great farms in the wilds, and planted in them the grain saved for their own bread, that there might be harvests for those who should follow them. Two of these in the Sac and Fox country, and beyond it, (Garden Grove and Mount Pisgah,) included within their fences about two miles of land a piece, carefully planted in grain, with a hamlet of comfortable log cabins in the neighbourhood of each.

Through all this the pioneers found redeeming comfort in the thought that:

their own suffering was the price of immunity to their friends at home. But the arrival of spring proved this a delusion. Before the warm weather had made the earth dry enough for easy travel, messengers came in from Nauvoo to overtake the party, with fear exaggerated tales of outrage, and to urge the chief men to hurry back to the city, that they might give counsel and assistance there. The enemy had only waited till the emigrants were supposed to be gone on their road too far to return to interfere with them, and then renewed their aggressions.

The Mormons outside Nauvoo were indeed hard pressed; but inside the city they maintained themselves very well for two or three months longer.

Strange to say, the chief part of this respite was devoted to completing the structure of their quaintly-devised but beautiful Temple. Since the dispersion of Jewry, probably, history affords us no parallel to the attachment of the Mormons for this edifice. Every architectural element, every most fantastic emblem it embodied, was associated, for them, with some cherished feature of their religion. Its erection had been enjoined upon them as a most sacred duty. They were proud of the honor it conferred upon their city, when it grew up in its splendor to become the chief object of the admiration of strangers upon the Upper Mississippi. Besides, they had built it as a labor of love; they could count up to half a million the value of their tithings and free-will offerings laid upon it. Hardly a Mormon woman had not given up to it some trinket or pin-money; the poorest Mormon man had at least served the tenth part of his year on its walls; and the coarsest artisan could turn to it with something of the ennobling attachment of an artist for his fair creation. Therefore, though their enemies drove on them ruthlessly they succeeded in parrying the last sword-thrust, till they had completed even the gilding of the angel and trumpet on the summit of its lofty spire. As a closing work, they placed on the entablature of the front, like a baptismal mark on the forehead,

THE HOUSE OF THE LORD.

Built by the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints.

HOLINESS TO THE LORD!

Then at high noon, under the bright sunshine of May, the next only after its completion, they consecrated it to divine service. There was a carefully studied ceremonial for the occasion. It was said the high elders of the sect traveled furtively from the Camp of Israel in the Wilderness; and throwing off ingenious disguises, appeared in their own robes of holy office, to give it splendor.

For that one day the Temple stood resplendent in all its typical glories of sun, moon, and stars, and other abounding figured and lettered signs, hieroglyphs, and symbols; but that day only. The sacred rites of consecration ended, the work of removing the sacro sancta proceeded with the rapidity of magic. It went on through the night; and when the morning of the next day dawned, all the ornaments and furniture, everything that could provoke a sneer had been carried off; and except some fixtures that would not bear removal, the building was dismantled to the bare walls.

It was this day saw the departure of the last elders, and the largest band that moved in one company together. The people of Iowa have told me, that from morning to night they passed westward like an endless procession. They did not seem greatly out of heart, they said, but at the top of every hill, before they disappeared, were to be seen looking back, like banished Moors, on their abandoned homes, and the far-seen Temple and its glittering spire.

After this consecration, which was construed to indicate an insincerity on the part of the Mormons as to their stipulated departure, or at least a hope of return, their foes set upon them with renewed bitterness. As many fled as were at all prepared; but by the very fact of their so decreasing the already diminished forces of the city's defenders, they encouraged the enemy to greater boldness. It soon became apparent that nothing short of an immediate emigration could save the remnant.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE LATTER-DAY SAINTS' MILLENNIAL STAR.

MONDAY, MARCH 20, 1876.

THE WORK OF THE LORD.

—O—

JOSEPH SMITH, the great Prophet of the last dispensation, or as it is called, the dispensation of the fullness of times, was born in Sharon, Windsor County, State of Vermont, Dec. 23, 1805. Early in the spring of 1820, he had a most remarkable vision of the presence of God the Father and his Son Jesus Christ, wherein he was informed that the religious sects of the day were in error, that their creeds were an abomination in the sight of the Lord, that those professors of religion were teaching for doctrine the commandments of men, "having a form of godliness, but denying the power thereof," and that they were "drawing near the Lord with their lips, while their hearts were far from him," and he was strictly forbidden to join with any of them.

As the particulars of this, and many other glorious revelations received by the Prophet, have often been published, and are easily within reach of all who care to inquire about them, we omit details here. Our purpose now is, to direct attention to the fact that God himself has called another Prophet, and reorganized his Church and Kingdom upon the earth, and to point to some of the features of this most marvelous work, which we think are deserving the gravest and most careful consideration.

From whatever point of view men may regard Joseph Smith, it is certain that his visions were not mere phantasms, for this reason, as well as many others, that they distinctly indicated the time, place and manner of the discovery and translation of the plates of the Book of Mormon, years before their discovery and translation, and precisely as indicated by the angel. Indeed the book itself as published to the world is conclusive evidence that Joseph's revelations were not mere fancy. Then if not phantasms, they must have been either realities or impositions. That is to say, either Joseph had certain supernatural revelations, or he invented or had invented for him, certain wilful, wicked, soul-destroying blasphemies, by which he would knowingly entail upon himself and many others the wrath of God and man. The latter alternative is, in our opinion, exceedingly hard to believe. Joseph was an illiterate plow boy, unused to city life and city vices. For such a youth, of fourteen years and about three months old, to invent a blasphemy like the vision above alluded to, and to add to it similar blasphemies year after year for twenty-four years, and thereby entail upon himself, and relatives, and friends, the most unparalleled persecutions of modern times, is altogether improbable. Joseph's testimony cost the mobbing and dire affliction of thou-

sands of devoted adherents. It cost the lives of many dearly beloved friends and relatives. It cost the life of his dearly beloved brother Hyrum. Joseph's religion cost him his own life. Now we have no precedent that men ever went about *wilfully and knowingly lying* in the name of the Lord, and at such a fearful cost, in order to teach the religion of Jesus Christ; and it is a thing so altogether incredible, that we may as readily conclude, and with equal propriety, that Jesus and his Apostles did so, and thus strike down the entire Christian system.

Joseph's revelations being neither phantasms, nor his own nor any other man's inventions, for the reasons just stated, we conclude that he received them as alleged, supernaturally. But sacred history teaches us that supernatural revelations do not always proceed from a good source. The Savior premonishes his disciples against false prophets, and gives a general rule by which we may detect them. He says: "Ye shall know them by their fruits. Do men gather grapes of thorns, or figs of thistles? Even so every good tree bringeth forth good fruit; but a corrupt tree bringeth forth evil fruit. A good tree cannot bring forth evil fruit, neither can a corrupt tree bring forth good fruit. Wherefore by their fruits ye shall know them." By this rule then, we think, it will be safe and proper to test those revelations.

We will briefly advert to Joseph's claims as a Prophet of God, and endeavor to learn how far these may be substantiated, by those evidences usually accepted as demonstrative by men, and, more especially, by applying the Savior's rule of scrutinizing the fruits of the system in order to determine its true character.

As before remarked, Joseph claimed to have had many heavenly visions and also the ministration of angels; he also claimed to have received the Holy Priesthood by ordination under the hands of John the Baptist, who conferred upon him and upon Oliver Cowdery, the Priesthood of Aaron, which holds the keys of the Gospel of repentance and of baptism by immersion for the remission of sins. This ordination was claimed to have been received May 15, 1829. Speaking of this event and of their baptism, Joseph said: "Immediately upon our coming up out of the water after we had been baptized, we experienced great and glorious blessings from our heavenly Father. No sooner had I baptized Oliver Cowdery than the Holy Ghost fell upon him, and he stood up and prophesied many things which should shortly come to pass. And again, so soon as I had been baptized by him, I also had the spirit of prophecy, when, standing up, I prophesied concerning the rise of the Church, and many other things connected with the Church and this generation of the children of men. We were filled with the Holy Ghost, and rejoiced in the God of our salvation." Oliver Cowdery writes of the same event: "But, dear brother, think for a moment what joy filled our hearts, when we received under his hand the Holy Priesthood, as he said, 'upon you my fellow-servants, in the name of Messiah, I confer this Priesthood and this authority, which shall remain upon earth, that the sons of Levi may yet offer an offering unto the Lord in righteousness.'"

Here we have two witnesses for this revelation. Its good or evil character must depend upon its truth or falsity. If this authority were already upon the earth, then, no matter how incredible it might seem that those two young

men should invent so soul-destroying an imposition, the revelation must have been an imposture. But we inquire, how can men possess authority to administer the ordinances of the Gospel who deny the need of revelation? God's holy religion was always founded in, and sustained by, immediate revelation, in every age of the world when he had a people on the earth. Indeed that church whose head, at least, is not enlightened by immediate revelation for its immediate guidance must inevitably fall a prey to the ever active powers of darkness. Orthodox Christians disclaim the necessity of baptism, by immersion, for the remission of sins, for they do not administer it, hence they cannot be said to possess that authority; while those dissenters who do so baptize, disclaim having received this authority from God. The revelation itself is no more intrinsically evil than that which authorized John the Baptist to baptize by immersion for the remission of sins, or Peter, or any of the twelve, or Philip or Paul. Nor is it at all credible that the powers of darkness would call upon all men to believe in Jesus, repent of their sins and forsake them, be baptized for the remission thereof, and receive the Holy Ghost with all the spiritual gifts pertaining to the Church of Christ, such as prophecy, wisdom, knowledge, healing, tongues, interpretation of tongues, visions, dreams, etc., all of which have followed as a direct result of this ordination of Joseph Smith and Oliver Cowdery, to the great rejoicing of many thousands in all parts of the world. As well believe that Satan inspired Jesus and his Apostles, and all turn infidels together.

Joseph claimed to have received the plates from the hands of the heavenly messenger, September 22nd, 1827. In accordance with this statement, Oliver Cowdery, David Whitmer, and Martin Harris testify thus: "An angel of God came down from heaven, and he brought and laid before our eyes, that we beheld and saw the plates and the engravings thereon; and we know that it is by the grace of God the Father, and our Lord Jesus Christ, that we beheld and bare record that these things are true, and we also know that the records have been translated by the gift and power of God, for his voice hath declared it unto us, wherefore we know of a surety that the work is true. And it is marvelous in our eyes; nevertheless, the voice of the Lord commanded us that we should bear record of it, wherefore, to be obedient unto the commandments of God, we bear testimony of these things." Here we have the evidence of *three* witnesses, testifying that Joseph received those plates as alleged, and that he translated them by the gift and power of God. Again, *eight* other witnesses testify that he showed them the plates, and that they handled the leaves which he had translated, and they give their names to witness unto the world that "they lie not, God bearing witness of it." That amount of evidence, unless impeached, would be considered conclusive in any case, in any court, in the civilized world. It has stood before the world unimpeached for forty-five years, and we inquire can any man show good and sufficient reasons why it should not be received to establish the truth of the mission of Joseph Smith?

The fruits of the Gospel of Jesus Christ are peace, unity, and brotherly love. The ties which bind the Saints are proven to be stronger than the love of country, father, mother, husband, wife, son, daughter, brother, sister, or friend, for the Saints are led to forsake all these, if necessary, to gather to the

place appointed of God. The Gospel does not beget an idle, morbid spirituality, or asceticism, but an active, intelligent, practical, and highly commendable desire on the part of the Saints to improve, build up, and adorn the country wherever their lot has been cast. That they are not found without charity, witness the thousands of Elders who have spent the better part of their lives in preaching the Gospel, without purse and scrip, to an ungrateful, persecuting world, that treats them in return with fire and sword, as it did the ancient Saints. And again, witness the thousands of poor who have been rescued by their brethren from poverty and degradation, and taught and assisted to acquire a liberal livelihood. That they are industrious, and intelligent, and blessed of the Lord, see their commonwealth established on a desert, and under the most adverse circumstances. And in no case can the Saints as a people be justly accused of aggression, or intolerance, or of disrespect of the civil or religious rights of others. On the contrary the Gospel teaches them to feel after, pray for, and labor for, the welfare and redemption of the entire human family, living and dead, who have not by their own acts forfeited eternal life.

These stubborn facts exist, they stare this generation in the face, they are not the theories nor guesswork of men, but they are the testimony of "THUS SAITH THE LORD" unto every nation, kindred, tongue and people, and are sealed by the blood of martyrdom as was the testimony of Jesus.

D. McK.

"THE MORMONS."—In this issue we commence the republication of Gen. Thomas L. Kane's highly interesting discourse, entitled "The Mormons," which we commend to the careful perusal of our readers.

LEEDS CONFERENCE.—The Latter-day Saints will hold Conference in the People's Hall, Marshall Street, Holbeck, Leeds, on Sunday, April 2nd, at 10.30 a.m., and 2.30 and 6 p.m. Such of the Elders from Utah as may wish, and can consistently do so, are invited to attend.

FOREIGN CORRESPONDENCE.

AMERICA.

Salt Lake City, U.T.,
Feb. 24, 1876.

Pres. Albert Carrington.

Dear Brother,—Your very interesting and highly appreciated favor of the 27th ult., reached me a few days ago, and its contents have received due consideration. As you will see by the copies thereof that reach you, we have published a notice in the *Deseret News*, requesting the Bishops and presiding Elders to give their attention to the collection of debts due the P. E. Fund, and to attend to the matter without

delay, as we wish to do all the good we can this season in aiding the scattered poor of God's people to gather to the place of his appointment. We have also called upon the Latter-day Saints to further assist in this good work with their donations to the Fund.

I have received a letter from brother D. W. Jones, dated El Paso, Feb. 7, 1876. From it I learn that himself and party intended to remain in that neighborhood until about the 15th of March. Brothers Tenny and Smith will then move up the Rio Grande del Norte, to the country of the Pueblo.

Indians; the rest of the party will proceed to the western part of Chihuahua. The brethren find one unexpected difficulty in preaching the Gospel in Mexico. According to the construction placed upon the law by the Prefect at El Paso, it requires them to become the possessors of land, and have a church built thereon, before they can be allowed to preach. In writing to me, brother Jones gives expression to one truth with regard to preaching the Gospel, the force of which many of the brethren will recognize. He says, "I never felt much like contending with any one. If I teach the truth, the Spirit will do the arguing, if the person is worthy to receive it; if not, I would hate to be guilty of converting him by argument."

We still continue to receive cheering news from the missionaries in the States. Brother D. M. Stuart writes of a few having been baptized near St. Louis; and brother J. E. Taylor, of several obeying the Gospel near Council Bluffs. Brothers G. Teasdale and J. R. Winder, jun., have more calls than they can attend to in North Carolina, whilst Elder M. P. Romney and his associates are doing a good work in the North-western States. Some few of the brethren have had to return home on account of ill health, but the great majority are in fine health and spirits.

My health is excellent, and I am enjoying life; still, after the busy season attendant on the meeting of the

Legislature, the fitting out of the Arizona missionaries, etc., a short period of repose will be grateful to my feelings.

Elder Geo. Q. Cannon writes to me very encouragingly from Washington, and though the enemies of God's kingdom are as bitter and as untiring as ever, we realize every hour of our lives that "Providence is over all," and that they can do nothing but as his good pleasure permits. I do not anticipate any violent legislation against the interests of the people of Utah this session of Congress. I presume the session will be a short one, as both political parties manifest an anxiety to start out on the Presidential campaign.

Elders Samuel Leigh, John Parry, and David Bullock, now laboring as missionaries in the United States, will shortly report themselves to you, they having remained during the winter preaching in this country, with the understanding that when the spring came they were to continue their labors in Europe.

Your requests with regard to missionaries to Scandinavia and Switzerland shall be complied with.

I think it is probable I shall defer my visit to St. George until after our next April Conference.

With kindest remembrance to all the household of faith, I remain your brother in the Gospel,

BRIGHAM YOUNG.

HOME CORRESPONDENCE.

ENGLAND.

Ridgeway Cross, Herefordshire,
March 6, 1876.

Prest. Albert Carrington.

Dear Brother,—Knowing it would be interesting to you to hear of the condition of the work of God in this part of the Birmingham Conference, I take the liberty to write to you.

A little over four weeks ago I left Birmingham, in company with brother Wheeler, for our Hereford district, taking every opportunity on the way

to hold meetings, at which we found a good feeling prevailing, and the people paid good attention. At this place, on our road out, we held two meetings, quite a number of strangers present. In and around Hereford we have visited quite a number of persons not in the Church. One lady and gentleman gave us an invitation to spend the afternoon with them, which we accepted, and had the pleasure of the company of a gentleman of the Baptist persuasion, who paid great attention to our teachings on the Gospel of life

and salvation, and asked some questions, which we answered to his satisfaction, and after about four hours conversation with them, the lady expressed her desire to be baptized, but said that she should like her husband to go at the same time, which we think will be ere long. Before leaving, they wished us to offer prayer to the Lord to bless them, which we did, and left, feeling that we had not wasted the time.

We find that there is a better feeling among the people than there has been in times past, and that the prospects are bright for the coming summer. We arrived here on our return

on Friday, and were pleased to hear that the Saints had agreed to turn out *en masse* to meeting yesterday, which they did, and we held two meetings. There were some strangers present at each meeting, and truly we were blessed with the Spirit of God, and all present seemed to feel well. The Saints expressed themselves as being determined to live according to the principles of the Gospel as revealed in this our day.

With kind regards to all at "42," in which brother Wheeler joins, I remain, as ever, yours in the covenant,

JAS. T. BELLISTON.

THE MEMORY OF HON. JOSEPH A. YOUNG.

The special committee of the Council of the Utah Legislature, consisting of Councilors M. Thatcher, Erastus Snow, and W. Woodruff, appointed to draft resolutions of respect to the memory of Hon. Joseph A. Young, reported as follows: Thursday, Feb. 18, 1876, the report being accepted and ordered spread upon the minutes—

COUNCIL CHAMBER,
City Hall, Salt Lake City.

February 17, 1876.

Mr President and Gentlemen of the Council:

It is our painful duty to notice, and we do so with feelings of deep sorrow, the death of the late Hon. Joseph A. Young, member elect of the Territorial Legislative Council, who was, on the 5th day of August, 1875, at the residence of Judge Peacock, in the full strength of his manhood, called to pass beyond the associations of this life. By birth he was an American citizen, but during his boyhood he enjoyed none of the privileges and rights guaranteed by the Constitution of our common country, for in those days intolerant religious persecution and hatred pressed heavily and with cruel hand alike upon the old and young; the history of which, in the nineteenth century, is at least without parallel. Driven by unrelenting mobs, year after year, and thus deprived of all advantages of early education, we yet find him, as early as 1856, just

merging into manhood, an honorable member of the sixth annual Territorial House of Representatives, serving in the interests of Salt Lake County, in which capacity also he continued during the 11th and 12th sessions, and during the same year we find him manfully facing the bitter storms and biting frosts of one of the most severe winters ever known in these mountain regions, pushing his way through cañons filled with drifting snows, and over almost impassable barriers, with a hardy company whose wagons were laden with provisions and clothing for the needy, then *en route* for Utah with the hand-cart company of 1856.

A less resolute spirit would have failed in this daring undertaking; but he, with a heart filled with sympathy and apprehension for others, pushed on, day after day, through blinding storms and howling winds, until, reaching the Sweetwater, succor was afforded the needy, devotion to whom saved the lives of many who otherwise would have perished through exposure and want. That mission of mercy so nobly accomplished, will stand a bright page, wrought by him and his companions, in the history of our Territory and people.

Subsequently, when the army of General Johnson was at Camp Floyd, he prepared, on the subject of the removal of the troops from Utah, one of the most able and powerfully written

memorials ever sent from this Territory to the Congress of the United States. The clear reasoning of the memorial stamped true merit upon every sentence, and as a whole it received the unanimous approval of both houses of the Legislature.

In 1864 he became one of the counselors for Salt Lake, Tooele, and Summit Counties, and served as such during all the sessions from the 14th to the 19th inclusive; and in the 20th as a member from Sanpete and Sevier Counties.

As a legislator he displayed marked ability, showing a mind capable of great perceptive powers, bright, forcible, and decisive. He was pre-eminently a Utah man, for he could claim no allegiance to that State the citizens of which had deprived him, in his youth, of all constitutional, human or divine rights.

The name of Joseph A. Young is brightly and imperishably interwoven in the history of this Territory, and

his memory lives in the hearts of her people. He was a man of keen and even brilliant intellect, and as an organizer was remarkable, being original, bold, and pronounced. His perceptive faculties often enabled him, in matters of great importance, to comprehend the end from the beginning, and made him the leader rather than the follower, for his action was prompted by conviction, and his convictions were the creations of a well ordered mind, strengthened by a fearless and manly spirit. His physical organization was strikingly beautiful, graceful and perfect. In private, as in public intercourse, he was courteous, gentle and obliging. His sympathy, consideration, and kindness to the poor, under all circumstances, have formed a crown of beauty and a bright link in the memory of him who has "crossed the river and is resting under the shadow of the trees."—*Deseret News*, Feb. 19th.

UTAH NEWS.

From the *Deseret News* :—

DEDICATORY SERVICES.—Yesterday afternoon (Feb. 20th), the Sixth Ward new school-house was dedicated. There were present on the stand, besides Bishop Hickenlooper and his counselors, President Brigham Young, and Elders John Taylor and A. M. Musser. After singing by the choir, Elder John Taylor offered the dedicatory prayer. President Young delivered a highly interesting discourse, replete with excellent instruction, dwelling with particular unction on the necessity of the Saints aiding the scattered poor of the Lord's people to gather here with the main body of the Church, and enjoined it as a special and imperative duty on all who were indebted to the Perpetual Emigrating Fund, to meet their liabilities in that direction as fast as possible, that the means may be used in propelling the work of gathering. He was followed in the same strain by Elder Taylor, in a short and spirited address. The closing prayer was offered by Elder Musser. The meeting was held in the upper room, which is to be used for religious services, and is admirably arranged and adapted for that purpose. At the west end is an elegant stand, over which is a life-sized lithographic portrait of President Young. In front of the stand is an enclosure, surrounded by a railing, for the Sacrament table, and at the east end of the hall is a stand, with graded seats for the choristers, also railed in, and the woodwork has all been neatly painted. The lower room is well adapted for school purposes, for which it is used, brother William Willes having school there now. The whole structure and apportionments is a monument of the public spiritedness of the authorities of the Ward, and the people generally, being solely the result of their voluntary donations.

THE CONCERT.—The Sunday School Union Concert at the Theatre, on Monday evening (Feb. 21st), was a success. Where everybody did so well, it would be invidious to advert separately to individual performers, and lack of space will not admit of details. The house was a "bumper." Credit is due Prof. Thomas and others who took a leading part in getting up the entertainment. Owing to the serious sickness of Miss Cogswell's daughter, Miss Napper was requested to accept the role in the farce awarded to the former, and did it, on short notice, in a very creditable manner.

A CARD.—To the ladies and gentlemen members of the "Deseret Sunday School Musical Union," the gentlemen of the Theatre orchestra, and all others who took part in the exercises of the concert for the benefit of the "Sunday School Union," at the Theatre, on Monday evening last—Please accept my thanks for the kind and efficient aid you rendered in making the benefit an artistic success.

Yours respectfully,

C. J. THOMAS.

President "Deseret Sunday School Musical Union,"
Salt Lake City, Feb. 23, 1876.

THE PROPHET.—Lecture at the Twentieth Ward School-house to-night, (Feb. 23rd), on "Incidents from the Life of the Prophet Joseph Smith," by Elder Joseph F. Smith, commencing at half-past seven.

CLOSING OF THE LEGISLATIVE SESSION.—The Legislative Assembly concludes its session to-day (Feb. 22). During the forty days devoted to the "exigencies of the public service," the members have worked diligently to promote what they have considered the public good. They have probably labored quite as faithfully, and with as much singleness of purpose in that direction, as has any legislature in the country, local or national. It is true, their labors may not have resulted to the entire satisfaction of everybody in the Territory, neither are the labors of any legislative body in the world entirely satisfactory to all the respective constituents thereof. Indeed it is difficult for the legislators to fully satisfy themselves, letting alone their numerous constituents. But if they have labored to the best of their ability and judgment, which we believe they have, they should receive corresponding credit, freely and not grudgingly. There was a large amount of business which the Legislature thought should be done, and which they have tried to accomplish. But forty days, once in two years, is a very brief space in which to legislate for a great and growing people like this, and in a new country too. Brief as this space of time is, however, the country appears to be too poor to pay for it. For, strange as it may sound in these United States, the Legislative Assembly have been sitting the whole session without pay, or expectation of pay, Congress having diverted the appropriation made for them, to put it into the hands of the U. S. Marshal for disbursement in another direction and for another purpose. This can hardly be called a very generous action, and, singular though it is, this very U. S. Marshal is now in serious difficulty concerning the disbursement of this very money, and the report is current that the affair will cost him his official head. So he will not have made much capital out of the business, whatever the country at large may make. But to the Legislature again. In these piping times of red hot economy and retrenchment, if political, not politic economy and retrenchment, the Legislative Assembly of Utah has proved itself the most self-sacrificing, economical, and patriotic in the whole Union. It is the only Legislature in the Union, we believe, that has sat this winter without pecuniary recompense, or expectation of pecuniary recompense—the only Legislature among all the States and Territories that has "worked for nothing and found itself." In this proud position Utah is without a rival in the whole Union. Congress last year largely increased its own pay, and sits this session with the increased pay. But the Utah Legislature sits without any pay, from either the Federal or the Territorial treasury.